ditions? How do we know that all men We suppose the statement to true by induction, from the undoubted fact that men have hitherto died within a certain limit of age. By induction, too, our fathers, our grandfathers, knew that it was impossible for a man to traverse the earth faster than at fall speed of a galloping horse. After several thousand years of experience that piece of knowledge, which seemed to be singularly certain, was suddenly proved to he the grossest ignorance by a man who had been in the habit of playing with a teakettle when a boy. We ourselves, not very long ago, knew positively, as all men had known since the beginning of the world, that it was quite impossible to converse with a friend at a distance beyond the carrying power of a speaking trumpet. To-day, boy who does not know that one may talk very agreeably with a friend a thousand miles away is an ignoramus; and experi-menters whisper among themselves that, if the undulatory theory of light have any foundation, there is no real reason why we may not see that same friend at that same distance, as well as talk with him. Ten years ago we were quite sure that it was beyoud the bounds of natural possibility to produce a bad burn upon the human body by touching the flesh with a bit of cardboard or a common lead pencil. Now we know with equal certainty that if upon one arm o a hypnotized patient we impress a letter o the alphabet cut out of wood, telling him tha it is red-hot iron, the shape of the letter will be on the following day found as a raw and painful wound not only in the place we selected, but on the other arm, in the exactly corresponding spot, and reversed as though seen in a looking-glass; and we very justly consider that a physician who does not know this and similar facts is dangerously behind the times, since the knowledge is open to all. The inductive reasoning of many thousands of years has been knocked to pieces in the last century by a few dozen men who have reasoned little but attempted much. It would be rash to assert that bodily death may not some day, and under certain con-ditions, be altogether escaped. It is nonsense to pretend that human life may possibly and before long, be enormously longed, and that by some shorter cut to ngevity than temperance and sanitation. No man can say that it will, but no man of average intelligence can now deny that it

Unorna had besitated at the door, and she hesitated now. It was in her power, and in hers only, to wake the hoary giant, or at least to modify his perpetual sleep so far as to obtain from him answers to her questions. It would be an easy matter to lay one hand upon his brow, bidding him see and speak-how easy, she alone knew. But, on the other hand, to disturb his slumber was to interfere with the continuity of the great experiment, to break through a rule lately made, to incur the risk of an accident, if not of death itselt. She drew back at the thought, as though

fearing to startle him, and then she smiled at her own nervousness. To wake him she must exercise her will. There was no danger of his ever being roused by any sound or touch not proceeding from herself. The crash of thunder had no reverberation for his cars; the explosion of a cannon would not have penetrated into his lethargy. She might touch him, move him, even speak to m, but nuless she laid her hand upon his waxen forehead and bid him feel and hear, he would be as unconscious as the dead. She returned to his side and gazed into his placid face. Strange faculties were asleep in that ancient brain, and strange wisdom was stored there, gathered from many sources long ago, and treasured unconsciously by the memory to be recalled at her command

scholar, a student, a searcher after great se thought. He had been a failure and had tarved, as failures must, in order that vulpar success may fatten and grow wealthy. He had outlived the few that had been dear to him; he had outlived the power to feed on hought; he had outlived generations of men, and cycles of change, and yet there had been life left in the huge gaunt limbs and sight in the snuken eyes. Then he had outlived oride itself, and the ancient scholar had begged his bread. In his hundredth year he had leaned for breath against Unorna's door, and she had taken him in and cared for him, and since that time she had prein the ancient city, and it was said that he possessed great wisdom Unorna knew that this wisdom could be hers if she could keep alive the spark of life, and that she had emkeep ployed his own learning to that end. Already she had much experience of he powers, and knew that if she once had the mustery of the old man's free will he mus obey her fatally and unresistingly. she conceived the idea of embalming, as it were, the living being, in a perpetua hypnotic lethargy, from whence she recalled him from time to time to an intermediate state, in which she caused him to do mechanically all those things which she judged necessary to prolong life.

Seeing her success from the first, she had begun to fancy that the present condition of things might be made to continue indefinitely. Since death was to-day no nearer than it had been seven years ago, there was no reason why it might not he guarded against during seven years more, and if during seven, why not during 10, 20, 50? She had for a helper a physician of consummate practical skill-a man whose interest in the result of the trial was, if anything. more keen than her own; a friend, above all whom she believed she might trust, and who appeared to trust her

But in the course of their great experiment they had together made rules by which they had mutually agreed to be bound. They had of late determined that the old man must not be disturbed in his profound rest by any question tending to cause a state of mental activity. The test of a very fine instrument had proved that the shortest interval of positive lucidity was followed by a slight but distinctly perceptible rise of temperature in the body, and this could mean only a waste of the precious tissues they were so carefully preserving. They hoped and believed that the grand erisis was at hand, and that, if the body did not now lose strength and vitality for a considerable time, both would slowly though surely increase, in consequence of the means they were using to instill new blood into the system. But the period was supreme, and to interfere in any way with the progres of the experiment was to run a risk of

the suggestions of her own imagination. So one was called a witch. In earlier centuries her hideous fate would have beer caled from the first day when, under her childish gaze, a wolf that had been taken alive in the Bobemian forest crawled fawning to her feet, at the tull length of its chain, and had its savage head under her hand, and closed its bloodshot eyes and the place of her fondness for the one man and been taken by her passion for the other. She had seen the man in whom her happy ness was to be, the time was short, the danger great it she should not grasp what the Wanderer been by her side, she would needed to ask no question, she would have known and been satisfied. But hours must pars before she could see him again, and every minute spent without him grew more full of anxie'y and disturbing passion that

than once, as Kevork Arabian had binted, she had consulted his second sight in pre-ference to her own, and she had not been deceived. His greater learning and his vast experience lent to his sayings some-

sionate pleadings of her own heart solemnly confirmed by the voice in which she trusted overcame at last every obstacle. Unorna bent over the sleeper, looking earnestly into his face, and she laid one nand upon his

tinctly. "You are conscious of thought, and you see into the future?" The massive head stirred, the long limbs

moved uneasily under the white robe, the enormous bony hands contracted, and in the cavernous eyes the great lids were slowly "Is it he?" she asked, speaking more quickly in spite of herself. "Is it he at

There was no answer. The lips did not part, and there was not even the attempt to speak. She had been sure that the one word would be spoken unhesitatingly, and the silence startled her and brought back the doubt which she had half forgotten.

The words came in a feeble, piping voice, trangely out of keeping with the colossal

gleam of anger flashed in her eyes as it ever did at the smallest opposition to her will. "Can you not see him?" she asked im-

"I cannot see him unless you lead me to

How could he answer anything save that which was in your mind when you were forcing him with your words and your eyes to make a reply of some sort or perish? Ahl You see now. You understand now. I have opened your eyes a little. Why did he hesitate and suffer? Because you asked that to which he knew there was no answer.

vantage.
"And for what?" he asked, beginning to

love the accident of youth, the complement of a fresh complexion, the corollary of a light step, the physical concomitant of swelling pulses and unstrained sinews?" Keyork Arabian laughed softly. Unorna tive and twenty summers?"
"It was to be supposed that your own fears were at the root of your anger," observed Unorna, sitting down upon her chair and was grave and looked up into his face, resting her chin upon her hand.
"Have you ever loved that you shoud talk like that?" she asked. He turned upon calmly folding her hands as though to wait until the storm should pass over.

ably in the frosty rime of earliest winter? Is

talk like that?" she asked. He turned upon her almost fiercely.
"Loved? Yes, as you can never love.
Ah, child! That you should ask that, with your angel's face, when I am in hell for you! When I would give my body to death and my soul to darkness for a touch of your hand, for as much kinduess and gentleness hand, for as much kinduess and gentleness. hand, for as much kindness and gentieness in a word from your dear lips as you give the beggars in the street! Whan I would tear out my heart with my hands to feel the very dog that fawns on you—and who is more to you than I, because he is yours, and all that is yours I love, and worship, and adore!" Unorna had looked up and smiled at first.

believing it was all but a comedy, as he had told her that it should be. But as he spoke, and the strong words chased each other in the torrent of his passionate speech, she was startled and surprised. There was a force in his language, a fiery energy in his look, a ring of haif-desperate hope in his deep voice, which moved her to deep thoughts. His face, too, was changed and ennobled, his gestures larger, even his small stature eased, for once, to seem dwarfish and gnom

"Kevork Arabian, Is it possible that you love me?" she cried, in her wonder.
"Possible? True? When I am gone with the love of you in my heart, Unorna-when they have buried the ugly old body out of your sight, you will not even remember that I was once your companion, still less that I knelt before you; that I kissed the ground on which you stood; that I loved you as men loved whose hearts are breaking; that I touched the hem of your garment and was for one moment young—that I besought you to press my hand but once, with one thought of kindness, with one last and only

tremor in his voice which lent intense ex-pression to the words. He was kneeling upon one knee beside Unorna, but between her and the light, so that she saw his face indistinctly. She could not but pity him. She took his outstretched hand in hers. "Poor Keyork!" she said, very kindly and

"It would have been exceedingly strange if you had," answered Keyork, in a tone that made her start.

tell you that I was going to make love to you? That I was old and hideous and had everything against me? That it was all a comedy for your amusement? That there was to be nothing but deception from begin-ning to end? That I was like a decrepit owl screeching at the moon, and many other things to a similar effect?"

Unorna smiled somewhat thoughtfully. "You are the greatest of great actors, Keyork Arabian. There is something diaboli-cal about you. I sometimes almost think that you are the devil himself."

all this?" Unorna rose to her feet. Her smile had vanished, and she seemed to feel cold.

began to make his daily examination of his sleeping patient, applying his thermometer to the body, feeling the pulse, listening to the beatings of the heart with his stethoscope, gently drawing down the lower lid of one of the eyes to observe the color of the membrane, and, in a word doing all those things which he was accustomed to do under the circumstance with a promptness and briskness which showed how little he feared that the old man would awake under his touch. He noted some of the results of his observations in a pocketbook. Unorna stood

and the Three Black Angels! He is worse, and there is no seeming. The heatis greater, the pulse is weaker, the heart flutters like

Unorna's face showed her anxiety. "I am sorry," she said in a low voice.
"Sorry! No doubt you are. It remains to be seen whether your sorrow can be utilized as a simple, or macerated in tears to make a tonic, or sublimated to produce a corrosive which will destroy the canker, death. But be sorry by all means. It occupies your mind without disturbing me, or injuring the patient. Be sure that if I can find an active application for your sentiment I will give you the rare satisfaction of being use-

"You have the art of being the most intolerably disagreeable of living men when it pleases you.

will make further studies in the art o tainly be surprised by the result."
"Nothing that you could say or do would

the folds of his robe. Her touch was tender and skillful in spite of her ill-suppressed anger. Then she turned away and went toward the door. Keyork Arabian watched her until her hand was upon the latch. His sharp eyes twinkled as though he expected something amusing to occur.
"Unorna," he said, suddenly, in an altered
voice. She stopped and looked back.
"Well?"

back a step.
"Keyork Arabian, do you think you can play

observe that there is no deception. That is the figure of speech called lying, because

"Unkind to you? I wish I had the secret of some unkindness that you should feel?"
"The knowledge of what I can feel is mine alone." answered Keyork, with a touch of sadness. "I am not a happy man. The world, for me, holds but one interest and one friendship. Destroy the one or embitter the other, and Keyork's remnant of life becomes but a fore-taste of death."

"And that interest—that friendship—where are they?" asked Unorna, in a tone still bitter, but less scornful than before.

"Together in this room, and both in danger, the one through your young haste and impet-

"Together in this room, and both in danger, the one through your young haste and impetuosity, and the other through my werethed weakness in being made angry: forgive me, Unorna, as I ask forgiveness.—"
"Your repentance is too sudden; it savors of the death-bed."
"Small wonder when my life is in the balance."
"Your life?" She uttered the question increduously, but not without curiosity.
"My life—and for your word," he answered, earnestly. He spoke so impressively, and in so solemn a tone that Unorna's face became grave. She advanced another step toward him, and laid her hand upon the back of the chair in which she previously had sat.
"We must understand each other—to-day or never," she said. "Either we must part and abandon the great experiment—for, if we part, it must be abandoned—"
"We cannot part Unorna."

"Friends," said Keyork in a low voice.
"Friends," said Keyork in a low voice.
"Friends? Have you laid the foundation for a friendship between us? You say that your life is in the balance. That is a figure of speech, I suppose, Or has your comedy another act? I can believe well enough that your greatest interest in life lies there, upon that couch, asleep. I know that you can 40 nothing without me, as you know it yourself. But in your friendship I can never trust—never! Still less can I believe that any words of mine can affect your happiness upless thay be those you need

for experiment itself. Those, at least, I have not refused to pronounce."

While she was speaking Keyork began to walk up and down the room in evident agita-tion, twisting his fingers and bending down his head.

tion, twisting his fingers and bending down his head.

"My accursed felly," he exclaimed, as though speaking to himself. "My damnable incentily in being odious! It is not to be believed! That a man of my age should think one thing and say another—like a tetchy girl or a spoiled child! The stupidity of the thing! And then to have the idiotic utterances of the tongue registered and judgeu as a confession of faith—or rather of faithlessness! But it is only figst—ti is only right. Keyork Arabian's self is ruined again by Keyork Arabian's vile speeches, which have no more to do with his self than the clouds on earth with the sun above them! Ruined, ruined!—lost, this time! Cut off from the only living being he respects—the only being whose respect he covets; sent —the only being whose respect he covets; sent back to die in his loneliness, to perish like the friendless beast as he is, to the funereal music of his own irresponsible snarling! To grow himself out of the world, like a broken-down

of his own irresponsible snarling! To growing himself out of the world, like a broken-down old tiger in the jungle, after scaring away all peace and happiness and help with his senseless growls! Ught It is perfectly just, it is absolutely right and supremely horrible to think of! A fool to the last, Keyork, as you always were—and who would make a friend of such a fool?"

Unorna leaned upon the back of the chair watching him and wondering whether, after all, he were not in earnest this time. He jerked out his sentences excitedly, striking his hands together and then swinging his arms in strange gestures. His tone, as he gave utterance to his incoherent self-condemnation, was full of severe conviction and of anger against himself. He seemed not to see Unorna, nor to notice her presence in the room. Suddenly he stopped, looked at her and came toward her. His manner became very humble.

"You are right, my dear lady," he said. "I have no claim to your forhearance for my outrageous humors. I have offended you, insulted you, spoken to you as no man should speak to any woman. I cannot even ask you to forgive me, for if I tell you that I am sorry you will not believe me. Why should you? But you are right. This cannot go on. Rather than run the risk of again showing you my abominable temper, I will go away."

His voice trembled and his bright eyes seemed to grow dull and misty.

"Let this be our parting," he continued, as though mastering his emotion. "I have no right to ask anything, and yet I ask this of you, When I have left you, when you are safe forever from my humors and my tempers and myself—then, do not think unkindly of Keyork Arabian. He would have seemed the friend he is but for his unruly tongue."

Unorna h-sitated a moment. Then she putout her hand, convinced of his sincerity in spite of herself.
"Let bygones be bygones, Keyork." she said.
"You must not go, for I believe you."
At the words the light returned to his eyes, and a look of ineffable beatitude overspread the face which could be so immovably expressionless.

He would have seemed the friend he is but for

and a loos of menale beating between the face which could be so immovably expressionless.

"You are as kind as you are good, Unorns, and as good as you are beautiful," he said; and with a gesture which would have been courtly in a man of nobler stature, but which was almost grotesque in such a dwarf he raised her fingers to his lips.

This time no peal of laughter followed to destroy the impression he had produced upon Unorna. She let her hand rest in his a few seconds and then gently withdrew it.

"I must be going," she said.
"So soon?" exclaimed Keyork regretfully, "There were many things 1 had wished to say to you to-day, but if you have no time—"

"I can spare a few moments," answered Unorna, pausing. "What is it?"

"One thing is this." His face had again become impenetrable as a mask of old ivory, and he spoke in his ordinary way. "This is the question. I was in the Teyn Kirche before I came here."

"In church?" exclaimed Unorna, in some sur-

came here."
"In church!" exclaimed Unorna in some surprise, and with a slight smile.

"I frequently go to church," answered Keyork gravely. "While there I met an old acquaintance of mine, a strange fellow whom I have not seen for years. The world is very small. He is a creat traveler—a wanderer through the world."

is a great traveler—a wanderer through the world."

Unorna looked up quickly, and a very slight color appeared in her-cheeks.

"Who is he?" she asked, trying to seem indifferent. "What is his name?"

"His name? I tis strange, but I cannot recall it. He is very tall, wears a dark beard, has a pale, thoughtful face. But I need not describe him, for he told me that he had been with you this morning. That is not the point."

He spoke carelessly and scarcely glanced at Unorna while speaking.

"What of him?" she inquired, trying to seem as indifferent as her companion.

"He is a little mad, poor man, that is all. It struck me that, if you would, you might save him. I know something of his story, though not much. He once loved a young girl, now doubtless dead, but whom he still believes to be alive, and he spends—or wastes—his life in a useless search for her. You might cure him of the delusion."

"How do you know that the girl is dead?"

"She died in Egypt, four years ago," answered Keyork. "They had taken her there in the hope of saving her, for she was at death's door already, poor child."

"But if you convince him of that."

"There is no convince him, and if he were really convinced he would die himself. Tused to take an interest in the

really convinced he would die himself. I used to take an interest in the man, and I know that you could cure him in a simpler and safer way. But, of course, it lies with you."

"If you wish it I will try," Unorna answered, turning her face from the light. "But he will probably not come back to me."

"He will. I advised him very strongly to come back, very strongly indeed. I hope I did right. Are you displeased?"

"Not at all!" Unorna laughed a little. "And if he comes, how am I to convince him that he is

if he comes, how am I to convince him that he is mistaken and that the girl is dead?"
"That is very simple. You will hypnotize him; he will yield very easily, and you will suggest to he will yield very cashly, and you will suggest to him very forcibly to forget the girl's existence You can suggest to him to come back to-mor row and the next day, or as often as you please and you can renew the suggestion each time In a week he will have forgotten—as you know

In a week he will have forgotten—as you know people can forget—entirely, totally, without hope of recalling what is lost."

Unorna had watched her companion narrowly during the conversation, expecting him to betray his knowledge of a connection between the Wanderer's visit and the strance question she had been asking of the sleeper when Keyork had surprised her. She was agreeably disappointed in this, however. He spoke with a calmness and ease of manner which disarmed suspiction.

caimness and case of manner suspicion.

"I am gind I did right," said he.
He stood at the foot of the couch upon which the sleeper was lying, and looked thoughtfully and intently at the calm features.

"We shall never succeed in this way," he said at last. "This condition may continue indefinitely, till you are old, and I—until I am older than I am by many years. He may not grow weaker, but he cannot grow stronger. Theories will not renew tissues."

"What will?"

"Blood," answered Keyork Arabian very softly.

"I have heard of that being done for youn people in illness," said Unorna.

"It has never been done as I would do it," replied the gnome, shaking his head and gathering his great beard in his hand, as he gazed at

What would you do?"

"What would you do?"
"I would make it constant for a day, or for a week if I could—a constant circulation: the youg heart and the old should beat together; it could be done in the lethargic sleep—an artery and a venn—a vein and an artery—I have often thouget of it; it could not fail. The new young blood would create new tissue, because it would itself constantly be renewed in the young body, which is able to renew it, only expending itself in the old. The old blood would itself become young again as it passed to the young body. which is able to renew it, only expending itself in the old. The old blood would itself become young again as it passed to the younger man—"

"A man!" exclaimed Unora.
"Oi course. An animal would not do, because you could not produce the lethargy nor make use of suggestion for healing purposes."
"But it would kill him."

"Not at all, as I would do it, especially if the young man were very strong and full of life. When the result is obtained an antiseptic ligature, suggestion of complete healing during sleep, proper nourishment, such as we are giving at present, by recalling the patient to the hypnotic state, sleep again, and so on: in eight and forty hours your young man would be waked and would never know what had happened to him—unless he felt a little older, by nervous sympathy," added the sage, with a low laugh.

"Are you perfectly sure of what you say?" laugh.
"Are you perfectly sure of what you say?"
asked Unorna, eagerly.

"Absolutely."
"Absolutely."
"By or everything you need here?" inquired Unorna.
"Everything. There is no hospital in Europe that has the appliances we have prepared for every emergency."

Re looked at her face curiously. It was ghastly pale with excitement. The pupil of her brown eye was so widely expanded that the iris looked black, white the aperture of the gray one was contracted to the size of a pin's head, so that the effect was almost that of a white and sightless ball.

head, so that the effect was almost that of a white and sightless ball.

"You seem interested." said the gnome.

"Would such a man—such a man as Israel Kafka answer the purpose?" she asked.

"Admirably," replied the other, beginning to understand.

inderstand. "Kyork Arabian," whispered Unorna, coming close to him and bending down to his ear.
Israel Kafka is alone under the palm tree
where I always sit. He is asleep, and he will

where I always sit. He is asset, not wake,"
The gnome looked up and nodded gravely. But she was gone almost beforeshe had fluished speaking the words.
"As upon an instrument," said the little man, quoting Unorna's angry speech. "Truly I can play upon you, but it is a strange music."
Half an hour later Unorna returned to he place among the flowers, but Israel Kafka way and. [To Be Continued Next Sunday.] J. S. MARSHALL & SON, of Atwood, Ill.

say their sales on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy exceed those of all other cough medicines put together. It has been sold there for several years and their customers have learned its true value. WSu

All Hearts Shall Be Bared.

WHAT THE ORDEAL WILL MEAN. The Judge Will Be Just, and More, He Wil

REV. GEORGE HODGES' SUNDAY SERMON

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH 1 "And after that, the judgment." After leath, the judgment.

Yes, two judgments. One at the bour of death, the judgment of each soul alone, and another at the great Day of Judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, and we shall all know each other as we are. And between the judgments, a season of waiting. We know almost nothing about it, it is all dim beyond. But that is what it looks like. That is what we think we read in the words of Christ and of His disciples, whom He taught-a judgment, and hen a time of waiting, and after that another and a universal judgment, with heaven or hell following.

That everybody will be judged at the Last Day seems plain enough, anyhow. That "the souls of believers are at their death, made perfect in holiness, and do im-mediately pass into glory," seems to be a contradiction of this general judgment. That the souls of the dead are in God's keeping, and in Christ's presence, we are assured, repeatedly. But that, somehow and somewhere, these souls are waiting until all seems to be the teaching of the Bible. And have joined that innumerable hen, the judgment.

A Chance After Death

There will be a multitude such as no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues—the dead, small and great—standing before the throne of God; and parted right and left. Then, shall some go into life, and some into the dark-ness of death. St. Peter, in his Whitsunday sermon, declared that "David is not ascended into the heavens." David is somewhere—not in hell, and yet not in heaven. God has given his promise to all repentant sinners, of whom David is one, but he has not yet received the fulfillment of it. St. Paul was not content to pray for the well-being of his converts all their lives long; his prayers reached out beyond that limit to the day of judgment—to "that day," as he called it; as if between these two great crises, one of their death and the other the great day of decision, and between these two judgments, one of them alone and the other in the face of all the world, there might still be change, and a chance for a

man and need for prayer.
St. John, in the vision of the Revelation, saw before the altar the souls of the martyrs, waiting not very patiently, but told that they must wait a season longer, till their brethren also should come into that same

place and God's hour strike.

And the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews closes his long roll of the golden names of Jewish saints and heroes with the statement, plain enough, that none of them have yetreceived the final and complete benediction of God, nor "passed into glory," and that they will not attain beatitude until we, too, are in their company; "that they, without us, should not be made

Accordingly, the teaching of the Bible seems to be that there is an interval between death and the general judgment, a time of waiting, an intermediate state. And after that the judgment.

perfect.

When the Day Will Come. When the Day Will Come.

When that judgment day will be, we know not, nor is it at all likely that we will know until it comes. Useless to try to spell out the hidden meanings of the old prophecies, useless to seek for days and dates, for times and seasons, between the mystical lines of the Revelation of St. John; useless to took amount the store of the second trees. among the stars or to count which lead into the inner darkness of the Great Pyramid of Egypt, or to try any of the manifold paths along which men hope to find a vision of the Valley of Decision.

We cannot know the day nor the hour. This alone is plain about it-that that day will come with most surprising suddenness, as a thief breaks through the windows of an unexpecting household, or as the lightning flashes swift across the sky, defying all endeavors at prediction. And this, also-that it will come, if we may so express it, naturally, as naturally as the birds of the air come sweeping down upon their prey, or as a vulture lights upon a carcass. That is not a pleasant illustration—that of the vulture—but it is the one which the Master be dead when the judgment day gets here.

The Fulness of the Time. And so it will be the "tulness of the time" again, as it was at Christ's first coming. It is noticeable that the prophecies which our Lord made about the last days of the world are, almost all of them, ore-shadowings of disaster. There is no indication that the world will keep on growing better and better, until it gets good enough to be called heaven. That would fit in most accurately with our favortheories; but it is not what Christ said. There will be commotions and upheavals, "Signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity; the sea and the waves and for looking atter those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven

shall be shaken." There will be a "falling away," a reinforcement of the regiments of Autichrist, a victory of evil, faith in defeat, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" In shore, the old story of the Flood pictures it all out for us-people buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, laughing, and diverting themselves, and making money, and for-getting God, heedless of all preaching, all persuasion, all warning and en-treaty, until at last, utterly unready, like the foolish virgins of the parable, the Event overtakes them, the judge comes, Christ came in the winter time, when all hearts seemed frozen, and all religion seemed to be dead. He may come again ome other winter time. No matter when, if we are ready for His coming.

The Where and the How, Where will the judgment be? and how gether, because there is no answer to either of them. Even to imagine an answer pains the mind. It is like looking at an object which is so vast, or so bright, or so distant, that it hurts your eyes. Sit down and think

people who have inhabited this planet from the four corners of the earth, from all the ages of time; and in the midst a great white throne set where every eve can see it and Him who sits within it; and then a dealing with each soul in all this unbounded company. Try to think how it will all be. It strains the strength of the strongest mind of man. It is too much for us. And when the Bible speaks of the where and the how of the Day of Judgment, we may know certainly that it is only by way of picture or symbol. The angels

the great descending throng out of the terthe great descending throng out of the terrestrial sky, the white throne and the open books—these are only symbols. They are the reflections of earthly courts and halls of judgment. They are like the great figures which stalk like Titans among the clouds beside the mountains, and which are found to be only the shadows of common men walking about among the com-

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

mon rocks. The truth is set down forever in these words which say that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither bath entered into the heart of man," the great future, which God knows and we know not. The where and the hours and the new not.

where, and the hour, and the when, too, are all in the wise ordering of God. He will look after them. bered a Thousand Million. But here is something which we do know: we know who the Judge will be. The Judge will be our Savior, Jesus Christ. That is, the Judge will be one who knows ACCORDING TO AUDUBON'S FIGURE

The Amount of Food They Require and He Their Young Are Fed.

ARMIES OF PIGEONS

Flocks of Pennsylvania Once Nur

COMPARISONS IN STAR DISTANCI

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 Keen appetite and perfect digestion a supposed to characterize the soldier. T armies of the world probably aggrega nearly 25,000,000 men, and it almost pr duces indigestion to even think of t enormous quantity of food necessary to fe them every 24 hours. But a single flock birds will sometimes consume more food a day than all the armies on the face of t earth combined. Not that the birds are suawful gluttons. The species referred to a perhaps the gentlest of all birds, and th are very dainty feeders. They are the cor mon pigeon, first cousin of the dove, th

scriptural type of innocence and purity, The numbers constituting the flock, as not the voracity of individuals, accounts f the amazing food supply necessary for the sustenance. Audubon, the great America ornithologist, saw flocks of pigeons in Nort ern Pennsylvania which contained as mar members as the whole population of the earth. He reached this conclusion by es mating the length and breadth of the flock and then allowing for two birds to eve-square yard. No man was ever better qual square yard. No man was ever better qual-fied than he to make such an estimate wif-reasonable accuracy. In his great work of the birds of America (which, if you can be a copy for \$5,000, you will get a bargam) is speaks specially of one flock which on careful calculation as possible, he estimate to contain more than a thousand million birds. Then, with his intimate knowled; of the subject, he figured that this feather host would consume in a single day near nine million bushels of food, and this flor was not the largest that Audubon saw.

More Than the Soldiers Eat,

But, now assuming that the average so dier consume half a peck of food in hours, (and it he can do that and live to te the tale he is a marvel), the food supply that flock of pigeons would in bulk feed 72 000,000 soldiers. In the forests of Norther Pennsylvania, half a century ago, it was n uncommon to find the woods for dozens miles literally alive with pigeons in the nesting season. There would be nests a every tree, often 300 or 400 in a single tree and the weight of the highs when roosting and the weight or the birds when roostir would cause a continual snapping as breaking of branches. These enormous bir colonies would in day time keep up such clatter of sounds that they could be hear long distances away like the roaring of :

approaching tornado.

There is nothing of land animal kine the even approaching the pigeon in size, the crowd together in such vast numbers. For multitude they are only equalled by the great shoals of herrings which, descending from their Arctic breeding places, make miles of ocean look like a moving mass. animal life. The destruction of large fore. areas in Pennsylvania has, however, cause the pigeous to seek other resting places, an soon they will probably disappear entirel from their favorite haunts. In the pigeo there is a remarkable example of the way which nature equips all creatures for the spheres in life. The pigeon, nulike other

forming two pouches on each side of th gullet. This duplex craw is ordinaril smooth on the inner side, but when the in enbating season begins a curious change o curs. Little lumps form on the inside an examination shows that these are glanwhich have become enlarged for a very in thinking, and speaking, and behaving? portant purpose. They secrete a milk taken into the crop, softens it and render it fit for the delicate stomachs of the your pigeons when they emerge from the she mother bird can draw on this store body food at pleasure by sending supplied from the crop up to the mouth, as man other birds do.

It is evident that nature did not inten that the father of the young pigeous shoul loaf around after the manner of a majorit of other males that wear feathers. pigeon husband is also provided with th queer baby food crop, at nesting time, an so, like the good and faithful husband the he is, he takes his turn as nurse, feeding an caring for his little ones with all the solic tude that characterizes the mother.

An Idea of Star Distances. If you could take all the people in th world, and set them out in space a mil

apart, like mile posts along a railroad, an

then, at the farthest end use all the dog and cats to extend the line of mile posts, yo would run far short of material to mark th distance out to the earth's brother plane Neptune. Again, if you could use all the material of men, women, children, dogs an cats and put them out so that they would b as far from one another as Boston is from San Francisco, your line wouldn't be na-long enough to reach to the nearest star. On a clear night the average eye will readily see stars as low as the sixth magn tude. Such a shining beauty as Sirin winks at you so archly that it seems almost impossible that years are consumed in the passage of its rays to the earth, when we re member that light travels more than 180,00 miles in a second. Yes, if the nearest of the beautiful twinklers should be blotte out at this moment we shoul still see it, without the slightest change appearance, two or three years a ter Chicag cleans up the debris of the World's Fair But even a star so far away as that seem nearly within touching distance when w scope, were so far away that, for all w know, they may have been blotted out be fore Cain and Abel were born. That is t say, if those far distant orbs had been utterl annihilated, as you would snuff out a candle when Adam and Eve were enjoying them selves in the Garden of Eden, the rays the starting toward the earth, notwithstanding the awful speed of light, could not get her in time to meet the closing of the n

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which the whole extent could only be real ized by Unorna and her companion. She hesitated, therefore, well knowing that her ally would oppose her invention with all his might, and dreading his anger, sold as she was, almost as much as she feared the danger to the old man's life. the other hand, she had a motive which the physician could not have, and which, as she was aware, he would have despised and condemned. She had a question to ask, which she considered of vitat importance to herself, to which she firmly believed that the true answer would be given, and which, in her womanly impetuosity and impatience, she could not bear to have unasked until the morrow, much less until months should save passed away. Two very powerful in centives were at work, two of the very strong est which have influence with mankind love and a superstitious belief in an especia destiny of happiness, at the present mome a on the very verge of realization. She believed profoundly in herself and i.a.

"He is mine, Keyork Arabian, alive before her. She knew she loved, for imposing proportions you would know how to give them." destiny would offer her but once. Had

thing divine in her eyes; she looked upon him as the Pythoness of Delphi looked upon the divinity of her inspiration.

The irresistable longing to hear the pus-

"You hear me?" she said slowly and dis-

"You must answer my question. I com-mand you to answer me. Is it he?"
"You must tell me before I can answer."

frame and imposing features. Unorna's face was clouded, and the ready patiently

him and tell me what he is."
"Where are you?" "In your mind."
"And what are you?"

"Is there anything at the root of anything except seli? You moth, you butterfly, you thread of floating gossamer! How can you understand the incalculable value of Selfof that which is all to me and nothing to you, or which, being yours, is everything to you and to me nothing? You are so young you still believe in things and interests and

good and evil, and love and hate, truth and falsehood, and a hundred notions which are falsehood, and a hundred notions which are not facts, but only contrasts between one self and another! What were you doing here when I found you playing with life and death, perhaps with my life, for a gypsy trick in the crazy delusion that this old parcel of humanity can see the shadows of things which are not yet? I saw, I heard. And you tortured him with your will until his individuality fell into yours and spoke

you understand? Do you know what it

means to die? How can you comprehend that word-you girl, you child, you thing of

Unorna's head sank a little, and she covered her eyes. The truth of what he said flashed upon her suddenly and unexpectedly, bringing with it the doubt which had left her at the moment when the sleeper had spoken. She could not hide her dis-comfure and Keyork Arabian saw his ad-

pace the broad room. "To know whether a man will love you or not! You seem to "I am the image in your eyes,"
"There is another man in my mind," said have forgotten what you are. Is not such a poor and foolish thing as love at the command of those who say to the soul, be this, Unorna. "I command you to see him."

"I see him He is tall, pale, nobie, suffering. You love him."
"Is it he who shall be my life and my death? Is it he who shall love me as other women are not loved?" The weak voice was still for a moment, and

"I see with your eyes," said the old man at last. "And I command you to see into the future with your own!" cried Unorna, con-centrating her terrible will as she grew more

There was an evident struggle in the

the face seemed covered with a veil of per-

him eagerly and her whole consciousness was centered in the words she desired him to speak. Suddenly the features relaxed into an expression of rest and satisfaction. There was something unearth in the sudden smile that flickered over the old waxen face—it was as strange and unnatural as though the cold marble effigy upon a sepulcher had laughed aloud in the gloom of an empty

church "I see. He will love you." said the "It is be." With a suppressed cry of triumph Unorna lifted her bead and stood upright. Then

"You have probably killed him and spoiled everything," said a rich bass voice at her elbow-the very sub-bass of all possi-Kevork Arabian was beside her. In her ntense excitement she had not heard him enter the room, and he had surprised her at once in the breaking of their joint conven-tion and in the revelation of her secret. If Unorna could be said to know the meaning of the word lear in any degree whatsoever, it was in relation to Keyork Arabian, the who during the last few years had been her helper and associate in the great experiment. Of all men she had known in her life he was the only one whom she felt to be beyond the

influence of her powers, the only one whom

she felt she could not charm by word, or touch, or look. The odd shape of his head,

she fancied, figured the outline and propo-

tions of his intelligence which was, as it

were, pyramidal, standing upon a base so

broad and firm as to place the center of its onderous gravity far beyond her reach to There was certainly no other being of material reality that could have made Unorna start and turn pale by its inopportune appearance. .

"The best thing you can do is to put him to sleep at once," said the little man. "You can be angry afterward, and, I thank heaven, so can I—and shall." "Forget," said Unorna once more laying her hand upon the waxen brow. "Let it be as though I had not spoken with you.
Drink, in your sleep, of the fountain of life; take new strength into your body and new blood into your heart. Live, and when I next wake you be younger by as many months as there shall pass hours till then.

A low sigh trembled in the heary beard. The eyelids drooped over the sunken eyes, there was a slight motion of the limbs and all was still, save for the soft and regular breathing.
"The united patience of the seven archangels, coupled with that of Job and Simon Stylites, would not survive your acquaintance for a day," observed Keyork Arabian "Is he mine or yours?" Unorna asked, turning to him and pointing to the sleeper.

She was quite ready to face her companion after the first shock of his unexpected appearance. His small blue eyes sparkled "I am not versed in the law concerning real estate in humankind in the Kingdom of Bohemia," he answered. "You may have property in a couple of hundred weight, more or less, of old bones rather the worse for the wear and tear of a century, but I certainly have some ownership in the life. Without me you would have been the pos-

sessor of a remarkably fine skeleton by this time-and of nothing more.' As he spoke his extraordinary voice ran over half a dozen notes of portentous depth, like the opening of a fugue on the pedal of an organ. Unorna laughed scornfully.

dead! If the experiment fails, and he dies, the loss is mine, not yours. Moreover, what I have done is done, and I will neither submit to your reproaches nor listen to your upbraidings. Is that enough?" "Of its kind, quite. I will build an altar to ingratitude, we will bury our friend be-neath the shrine, and you shall serve in the temple. You could deify all the cardinal sins if you would only give your attention to the subject, merely by the monstrously

"Does it case you to make such an amaz ing n sise?" inquired Unorna, raising her eyebrows. Our friend cannot bear it,

and you can. You dare to tell me that it he dies you are the only loser. Do fifty years of study count for nothing? Look at me. I am an old man, and unlesss I find the last. Hitherto the old man's utter-ages and been fulfilled to the letter. More fore many years are over, I must die-die, do

KEYORK AND UNORNA. or be that, and who are obeyed? Have you found a second Keyork Arabian, over wh your eyes have no power-neither the one

He laughed rather brutally at the thought of her greatest physical peculiarity, but then suddenly stopped short. She had lifted her face and those same eyes were fastened upon him, the black and gray, in a look so savage and fierce that even he was checked, if not startled.

"They are certainly very remarkable eyes," he said, more calmly, and with a certain uneasiness which Unorna did not notice. "I wonder whom you have found who giant's mind, an effort to obey which tailed is able to look you in the face without lost to break down an obstacle. She bent over ing himself. I suppose it can hardly be my ing himself. I suppose it can hardly be my he added, conscious after a moment's trial that he was proof against her influence "Hardly," answered Unorns, with a bit-

ter laugh. "If I were the happy man you would not need that means of bringing me to your feet. It is a pity that you do not want me. We should make a very happy couple. But there is much against me. I am an old man, My figure was never of divine proportions, and as for my face, nature made it against her will. I know all that -and yet I was young once, and elequent. I could make love then-I believe that I

could still if it would amuse you.' "Try it," said Unorna, who, like most people, could not long be angry with the gnome-like little sage. CHAPTER VI. "I could make love-yes, and since you

He came and stood before her, straighten-

ell me to try, I will."

ing his diminutive figure in a comical fashion, as though he were imitating a soldier on parade. "In the first place," he said, "in order to appreciate my skill you should realize the mmense disadvantages under which I labor. I am a dwarf, my dear Unorna. In the presence of that kingly wreck of a Homeric man"-he pointed to the sleeper beside them-"I am a Thersites, if not a pigmy. To have much chance of success I should ask you to close your eyes and to imagine that my stature matches my voice. That gift at least, I flatter myself, would have been appreciated on the plains of Troy. But in other respects I resemble neither the long-haired Greeks nor the trousered Trojans. I am old and hideous,

and in outward appearance I am as like Socrates as in inward disposition I am totally different from him. Admit, since I admit it, that I am the ugliest and smallest man of your acquaintance.' "It is not to be denied," said Unorna, with a smile. "The admission will make the performance so much the more interesting. And now, as the conjurer says when he begins,

there is to be nothing but deception from beginning to end. Did you ever consider the nature of a lie, Unorna? It is a very "I thought you were going to make love "True; how easily one forgets those little things! And yet no woman ever forgave a man who forgot to make love when she expected him to do so. For a woman, who is a woman, never forgets to be exigent. And now there is no reprieve, for I have committed myself, am sentenced and condemned to be made ridiculous in your eyes. Can there be anything more contemptible, more laughable, more utterly and hopelessly absurb, than an old and ugly man declaring his unrequited passion for a woman who might be his granddaughter? Is he not like hoary old owl, who leaves his mousing to

the eyening star, or screech out amorous sonnets to the maiden moon." "Very like," said Unorna with a laugh.
"And yet-my evening star-dear star of my fast sinking evening—golden Unorna— shall I be cut off from love because my years are many? Or rather, shall I not love you the more, because the years that are left are few and scantily blessed? May not your dawn blend with my sunset and make to-

perch upon one leg and hoot love ditties at

gether one short day?"
"That is very pretty," said Unorna, thoughtfully. He had the power of making his speech sound like a deep, soft music.
"For what is love?" he asked. "Is it a garment, a jewel, a fanciful ornament which garment, a jewel, a lancilul ornament which only boys and girls may wear upon a summer's holiday? May we take it or leave it, as we please? Wear it, if it shows well upon our beauty, or east it off for others to put on when we limp aside out of the race of inshion to halt and breathe before we die? Is love beauty? is love youth? Is love yellow hair or black? Is love the rose upon the lip or the peach blossom in the cheek, that only the young may call it theirs? Is it an outvard grace, which can live but so long as the outward graces are its companions, to erish when the first gray hair streaks the tark locks? Is it a glass, shivered by the first shock of care as a mirror by a sword stroke? Is it a painted mask, washed colorless by the first rain of autumn tears? Is it a flower, so tender that it must perish miser-

word of human pity-"

He broke off suddenly, and there was a

gently. "How could I have ever guessed all thison

Then a magnificent peal of bass laughter rolled through the room as the gnome sprang

suddenly to his feet.
"Did I not warn you?" asked Keyork, standing back and contemplating Unorna's surprised face with delight. "Did I not

"Perhaps I am," suggested the little man, cheerfully.
"Do you know that there is a horror about all this?" Unorna rose to her feet. Her

As though nothing had happened, Keyork

still and watched him.
"By all that is unholy! By Eblis, Ahriman sick bird."

"When you displease me, you should say. warn you that if he dies—our friend here—

surprise me."
"Indeed? We shall see." "I will leave you to your studies, then. I have been here too long as it is." She moved and arranged the pillow under the head of the sleeping grant, and adjusted

"Do not be angry, Unorna. Do not go away like this."

Unorna turned, almost fiercely, and came

"Keyork Arabian, do you think you can play upon me as on an instrument? Do you suppose that I will come and go at your word like a child—or like a dog? Do you think you can taunt me at one moment. flatter me the next, and find my humor always at your command?"

The gnome-like little man looked down, made a sort of inclination of his short body, and laid his hand upon his heart.

"I was never so presumptive, my dear lady. I never had the least intention of taunting you, as you express it, and as for your humor—can you suppose that I could expect to command where it is only mine to obey?"

"It is of no use to talk in that way," said Unorna, haughtilg. "I am not prepared to be deceived by your comedy this time."

"Nor I to blay one. Since I have offended you, I ask your pardon. Forgive the expression for the sake of the meaning: the thought."

"How cleverly you turn and twist both thoughts and words!"

"Do not be so unkind, dear friend,"

"Unkind to you? I wish I had the segret of

"Do not be so unkind, dear friend,"
"Unkind to you? I wish I had the secret

"We cannot part, Unorna." "Then it we are to be associates and compa-

Be the Friend of All.

That is, the Judge will be one who knows accurately what human life is. If you are to be put on fair trial as to your faithfulness in your work, you want somebody for a judge who knows something about your work, who has had some practical experience in it. We will be judged at the last by One who spent a lifetime learning about human life and human nature by actual experience. He took our nature, and carried our corrows. He took our nature, and carried our sorrows, and waiked in the streets of our cities, and had His friends among us, and met the temptations which we meet. He who came in great humility is to be our Judge. The Christ of Advent is the Christ of Christmas. The incurnation and the judgment meet in Him who, having become man, will have judgment committed to Him "because He is the Son of Man." He has been over the

whole lesson. He has traversed the whole path. He knows how sin besets us, and how weak we are against it. He knows how dreadfully hard it is to be good. Judgment by Comparison. More than this, the Judge is our Example. We will be examined as to the closeness with which we have followed Him. And

so there is nothing blind nor hidden about our trial. We know what sort of life He lived among us. That is the ideal by which our lives will get their measurement. The Day of Judgment will be like an exmination where we have been told all the questions beforehand.

Bestof all, the Judge will be one who loves us. We know what He is, because we know what He was when He lived in the villages

of Syria. He changes not, nor will He change even when He comes to be our Judge. Can you think of anybody to whom any sin-ning soul could look for kinder and for justas He stood beside the woman taken in adultery, just as He looked into the face of Peter who denied Him, and of Thomas who doubted Him, even into his face who came with a traitor's kiss and met Him in Gethsemane, so He will be in the very Day of Judgment. Can you think of anybody from whom the hypocrite, the oppressor, the un-just, the hard-hearted would quicker hurry away than Jesus of Nazareth, who confronted the Scribes and Pnarisees? The Judge Will Be a Friend.

So will He be then, when all the world, hypocrites and sinners, men with splendid op-portunities and men with no chance at all, nigh and low, good and bad, and you and I udgment. He who prayed "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," will be the Judge. With wounded hands and feet and side He will be the Judge. That is one of the most dreadful facts about the judgment—that He who will come at last to udge us will not be an enemy, nor a fierce opponent, nor a divine tyrant, against whom we might stir up a courage of defi-ance, but a friend, who loves us, who has given His own life that He might save us. Finally, there is something more which we know about the judgment: we know that we will be judged according to what lives we have led. According to our faith in Christ, some say. And that is true, too. Our eternal destiny will depend upon our faith in Christ. But "dead" with will according to the property of the property of

faith in Christ. But "dead" faith will not count for anything. It will be of exactly as much value as unproductive seed will be in the harvest. That is, our lives will rein the next life who have stood with Christ in this life. But the recitation of the creed will not be taken into account; nor the professions of a conventional orthodoxy, which often means nothing but a lack of real inter-est in the truths of religion, and an entire absence of any real thinking about them; nor attendance upon services and sacra-ments; nor any of the externals of faith. The Question of Results.

What is the result of all this in your life?

Vhat is the harvest which it bears in your

hat will be Judgment. And that day, accordingly, will be a day of great surprises, because we are always somehow deceiving ourselves. Nobody tells as such lies as we tell ourselves. But in the Day of Judgment we will see the real truth. Think of the amazement of the Scribes and Pharisees, the chief religious people of their day, set on the left hand! Think of the wonder of the publicans and sinners, des-pised and condemned by the respectable people of their time, and unknown in the synagogues, and yet set upon the right hand! Remember how the Judge, while He was living in our life, was forever surprising people, and reversing the popular estinations of men, and putting down the of low degree. No doubt there are neonle in jail to-day who will be in heaven; and peo-ple in church who will find themselves shut

"Thy kingdom come." Can we honestly pray that, or can't we? "Surely I come quickly," says our Savior and our Judge. "Even so come, Lord Jesus"—Is that our instant answer? Is that what we answer out of sincere hearts? Do we want Him to come? Are we ready for His coming?

GEORGE HODGES WE NEED THE ISLANDS.

nator Stanford Favors Annexation of th Sandwich Group. "What is to be the immediate future of the Sandwich Islands?" asked a Boston Herald correspondent of Senator Stanford. "There is no doubt of those islands com

ing to us," was the reply, "and we want them. They are the natural stopping place of our commerce with Australia and China. More than half of the population is now white, and all who are there favor the United States among those white people, except, perhaps, the English. The islands are capable of sustaining a population of at least a million, and I suppose more than that. For some time past we have had the enefit of their sugar by a treaty with them. There is no question that in the future, which will commence not far off, our relations with Asia will be most intimate, and China only needs American and European institutions to become a great country to dear with—greater than England or France

or Germany." FIRST ROTARY FIRE ENGINE. Was a Box on Wheels With Cranks and

Cogs to Run the Pumps. t. Louis Republic, 1 Very few living to-day will remember the first rotary engines. They came out about



gines are very difficult to describe at this late day, but the oldest inhabitant's recolection is of a square box painted red and black, or cast iron wheels about 18 inches in diameter, the machine being worked by a crank projecting on each side, the power be-

The Fi at Rotary Engine.